THE

# BATTLE OF THE NILE,

## A POEM:

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BY WILLIAM SOTHEBY, ESQ.

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OH, how comely it is, and how reviving
To the ſpirits of juſt men long oppreſs'd,
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might,
To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppreſſor,
The brittle and boiſterous force of violent men,—
Hardy and induſtrious to ſupport
Tyrannic power; but raging to purſue
The righteous, and all ſuch as honor truth!
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats;
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celeſtial vigor arm'd,
Their armories and magazines contemns,
Renders them uſeleſs; while,
With winged expedition
Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
His errand on the wicked; who, ſurpris'd,
Loſe their defence, diſtracted and amaz'd.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

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M DCC XCIX.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

# ADVERTISEMENT.

*As the time has long been past since an attempt of*
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TO

# EARL SPENCER,

*FIRST LORD COMMISSIONER OF THE ADMIRALTY, &c.*

SPENCER! were mine the pow'r, by lofty lays,
Guerdon of high deſert, to lift thy name
On the proud column of recording fame,
I, to bold notes, that ſwell the ſong of praiſe,
Had tun'd the lyre—th' immortal meed be thine,
That Freedom wreaths the patriot's brow around!—
For at thy country's call, thou, foremoſt found,
Did'ſt leave the groves where ſcience wont to twine
Thy chaplet richly grac'd with claſſic flowers—
Yet, Britain claims thy care:—yet firmly guide
Her fleets to conqueſt born on every tide—
So ſhall fair Peace, with Glory in her train,
Woo thee to Althorp's tranquil haunts again,
And Victory's naval crown adorn the muſes' bowr's!

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THE

# BATTLE OF THE NILE.

'TWAS laughter loud, as, mid Aboukir's bay,
Stretch'd in proud pomp, the Gallic Navy lay,
Calm o'er the evening tide Etesian gales
Came, wing'd with health, and kiss'd the sportive sails;
And, far and wide, the painted streamers play'd,
And Ocean slept beneath a silken shade.

Through seas, where Treach'ry at the midnight hour
Unbarr'd lone Malta's unresisting tow'r,
Th' Invader sail'd, from British vengeance fled;
And vaunting Gallia triumph'd where he led.
The sound had ceas'd to vibrate on the ear,
That spoke, in every breeze, the victor near;

Th' o'er wearied eye, at dawn and evening pale,
That ſhap'd on every cloud th'advancing ſail,
Pierc'd by keen blaſts, no more ſad vigils kept,
But clos'd in peace, and on the night-watch ſlept.

'Twas laughter loud, in tranquil leiſure moor'd,
Ship link'd to ſhip th' entruſted coaſt ſecur'd;
Tier above tier, the brazen thunders ſpread,
Gleam'd like a baſtion on its rocky bed;
Troops, charg'd with ſpoil, in throng'd battalions ſeen,
Shone bright in arms, and ſwarm'd the decks between;
Flat ſhoals behind the daring foe defy'd,
And guarded flanks immur'd on either ſide:
Here, rang'd o'er Ocean, floating batteries hung;
And there, the Iſle an iron fortreſs rung.
High on his deck, that, like a mountain brow,
Low'rd o'er th' unheeded wave that broke below,
Stood the brave Chief; and, in triumphant ſtate,
Gaz'd on his Fleet, and mock'd malignant fate.

" The prize is gain'd! lo, Gaul's embattled hoſt
" March to proud conqueſt o'er the plunder'd coaſt;
" The warriors ſcale yon deſolated walls,
" Beneath their ſword the ſwarth Ægyptian falls;

"The Arab courſer flies: all, all is ours!
"The Gallic ſtreamer waves o'er Cairo's tow'rs!
"Fill high the goblet, and the feaſt prepare:
"Seamen, the prize is gain'd!—the plunder ſhare!"
Ah! at that feaſt, did none, proud Man! recal
The hand of vengeance on th'Aſſyrian wall?
Fate ſpread the banquet; and the bowl ran o'er
With widow's ſtreaming tears, and warrior's gore!—
Foreboding ſpirits, with funereal cry,
O'er the doom'd victims ſwept unheeded by:
Strange horrors ſhadow'd o'er the troubled tide,
And NELSON came—th' avenging God his guide!
Ill-fated Gaul, aſk pale Iberia's coaſt
Who broke her ſtrength, who thinn'd her countleſs coaſt!
Who, on the day while doubtful battle hung,
Daſh'd his bold prow ſurrounding flames among;
From ſhip to ſhip, with ſtep reſiſtleſs trod,
And flaſh'd on fear's wild gaze like ocean's god!
Down the long line of battle, 'ere it rag'd,
Triumphant ſhouts the proud event preſag'd;
France heard the death-cry, 'ere ſhe felt the blow,
And, mute with horror, ey'd th' advancing foe.

In graceful ſtate, as rang'd in long array,
The pomp and triumph of the feſtive day,
Before their Monarch's gaze proud navies ride,
And gild with mimic war the glowing tide:
Thus ſhip by ſhip in ſlow ſucceſſive train,
Pennant and ſtreamer glittering o'er the main,
The Britiſh Fleet her awful order kept,
And round the foe in pomp of battle ſwept.---
Ah, gallant chief! who led'ſt th' adventurous hoſt,
I ſee thee wreck'd on Egypt's faithleſs coaſt!---
Let others ſing that oft' mid ſhips on flame
Thy hand has pluck'd from death the wreath of fame,
I hail the warrior in misfortune great,---
The hero riſing from the ſtorms of fate!
Yes!---firm of ſoul, I view thee, TROWBRIDGE! ſtand,
Point the low tide, and mark the treacherous ſtrand;---
O'er Britain's glory watch with guardian eye,
And guide to fame each warrior floating by.

The ſignal flam'd, around a hoſt enclos'd
The thunder ceas'd not, nor the fire repoſed;
Fleet claſh'd on fleet; on lightning, lightning ſtream'd;
Beneath the blaze the crimſon billow gleam'd,

While Gallia's ſhatter'd line, where Britain ſteer'd,
Ship after ſhip, her flag of triumph rear'd,—
In vain dark night her veil o'er ocean threw,
And hid the wreck from victory's eagle view;—
The angel of deſtruction from on high
Ruſh'd with red wing that blaz'd along the ſky,
Stalk'd on the wave with garment dy'd in blood,
And laſh'd the billows of the ſounding flood!
Death heard his voice; and, as he tower'd in air,
Shook arrowy lightnings from his meteor hair,
A wild confuſion of uncertain ſound,
Loud ſhouts, and ſhrieks of horror, rung around;—
The groan of anguiſh, and the brazen roar,
And the ſlow wave that heav'd the dead on ſhore;—
And all confuſed came floating on the ſight,
Thro' tranſitory flames of lurid light:
Save where aloft, mid either navy rais'd,
Tower'd a vaſt wreck, that far o'er ocean blaz'd;
Like Etna pouring from the ſea-girt height
A fiery torrent thro' the ſtorm of night.
There frenzy's thrilling outcry ſmote the ear;
And viſions flaſh'd, that ſtruck the brave with fear.

Thro' the torn decks, rent ſides, and ſhiver'd ſails,
As ruſh'd th' expanding flame before the gales,
Pale ſwarms were ſeen, that daſh'd in wild diſmay
Thro' burſting fires that clos'd around their way:
Some on the maſts and blazing cordage hung,
Or head-long plung'd the crowded waves among;
And on the pile of dying and of dead,
Gaſh'd with wide wounds, the unyielding chieftain bled!
Now ſeen, and now no more!---Mid globes of fire
That burſt around, and blaz'd above the pire,
Death wav'd his torch, and fir'd th' impriſon'd blaſt,
High in mid air the ſhiver'd fabric caſt,
And rode upon the ſtorm, and ſhouted as it paſt.
As, when incumbent o'er th' accurſed town,
Th' avenging angel rain'd deſtruction down,
Pour'd forth the fountains of eternal ire,
And ſwept the land with ſtreams of living fire;
Thus, in conſuming tempeſts wing'd with flame---
Prone from the ſky, the burning fragments came;
While echoes from the wave, the air, the ſhore,
Suddenly rung with momentary roar:
And all was ſtill!---dread ſilence reigned around,
Thick darkneſs fell upon the deep profound:

The victor paus'd---the ſcene of carnage clos'd,
And, huſh'd in ſullen horror, war repos'd!---
Death yell'd again!---the ſun, that ſet in blood,
Dawn'd on the claſh of arms and crimſon flood:
Nor, when its orb hung weltering to the night,
Ceas'd, heard at intervals, the dying fight,
Till NELSON, bleeding on his victor prow,
Look'd down with pity on his proſtrate foe;
Rear'd his proud flag a captive navy o'er;
And ſtill'd with hymn of praiſe, the battle's roar---
"Almighty! Lord of Hoſts! hear, hear our cry!---
"Thine, God of battle! thine, the victory!"

Bold Hero! grac'd by many a glorious ſcar---
Whoſe arm, unconquer'd, fell in front of war!---
NELSON! a nation's voice thy name ſhall raiſe;
Applauding ſenates conſecrate thy praiſe;
A grateful Monarch twine around thy head
Wreaths that ſhall deck the wound where Britain bled.
But not a nation's voice that ſwells thy name,
Senates that fix, and Kings that crown thy fame;
Nor reſcu'd realms aveng'd, confer thy prize;---
A purer ſource the high reward ſupplies.

Favour'd of Heav'n!--fit inſtrument, deſign'd
To ſtay the peſtilence that waſtes mankind;
Thy arm, again, on Ham's aſtoniſh'd ſhore,
Renews the wonders of the days of yore;
O'er ocean lifts th' avenger's fiery rod,
And ſmites the ſpoiler that blaſphem'd his God!

Immortal ſpirits of th' heroic dead:---
Ye, at the Nile's proud fight, who bravely bled!---
Ye---who, with HOWE, oft pierc'd' the firm array
Of Gaul's throng'd fleet, and bad the ſeas obey!---
Or fell beneath the flag that JARVIS rear'd,
When the bold chief to arm'd Iberia ſteer'd;
Grappled her floating bulwarks to his hoſt,
And with her own armada ſwept her coaſt!---
And Ye---whoſe ſtreamers o'er Batavia blaz'd
Calm on the fiery flood, when DUNCAN gaz'd;
Curb'd, in mid battle's heat, th' avenging blow,
And dragg'd from floating heaps the wounded foe!---
Oh, reſt in peace! while Hiſtory graves your name,
And brazen columns lift your deeds to fame,
Recording Albion o'er your gather'd duſt
Piles the proud tomb, and rears the laurell'd buſt:---

There ſhall a race, thro' ages yet unborn,
Glow o'er the battles that your urn adorn;
Pledg'd to their country, ſtretch their arm on high,
Point their brave ſire, and vow like him to die!

Genius of Gallia! whoſe triumphant throne
Towr'd on the Pyramid's aërial ſtone!
Beneath whoſe tread, unnotic'd ſpoils among,
War's blood-ſtain'd hand the croſs and creſcent flung!
Art thou too fall'n from thy exalted height,
Shiver'd the iron ſceptre of thy might!
Thou! who didſt ſhout to all the nations round
By nature link'd to Egypt's central bound,
" Here will I fix where commerce has deſign'd
" The throne, and mark'd emporium of mankind:
" Hence ſhall my fleets, whereever oceans roll,
" Surround the world, and ſhoot from pole to pole—
" Raiſe, Berenice! thy forgotten wall!
" Shake off the duſt at my commanding call!
" Thence, ſink, ye ſlaves! the compaſs in your hand,
" Well after well, and roof with domes the ſand,
" Till Copto's riſing towrs at diſtance gleam,
" And ſtretch their ſhade o'er Nile's recover'd ſtream—

" I, I, once more, on Ægypt's faithleſs ſoil,
" Will pile the earth, and tax a nation's toil;
" Draw out the long canal, and tinge again
" Nile's duſky flood with Edom's purple main;
" To far Arſinoe wed Peluſium's ſhore,
" And rouſe the deſart with the daſhing oar!—
" For me, fam'd Yemen! rear thy fav'rite ſteed,
" And aromatic groves that balſam bleed:
" To braid me, Ormuz! ſcoop thy pearly bed:
" Schiraz! to cool my dip, thy vintage ſhed:
" Golconda! gem my brow!—Thou, loom of Ind,
" To ſhade my limbs thy fairy web unwind:
" And green Tidore, and Ternat's rifled vale
" Breathe round my haunts, and ſcent with ſpice the gale!
" South! waft thy mines from Ophir's ſilver ſhore,
" And, Tarſhiſh, fret my roof with golden ore!
" Ye Caravans! that, in unbroken train,
" Weſt from far Gambia, and the Atlantic main,
" O'er deſarts parch'd beneath the ſolar flame,
" Waſtes without bound, and realms without a name,
" Slow gather as ye ſtretch your long array
" Tribe after tribe that darken all the way,

" To Cairo's walls the wearied camel ſteer,
" Urge his ſtiff joints, and goad his ſlow career,
" On his gall'd loins the yearly tribute pile,
" And, with the floating treaſure, bridge the Nile.
" Thou North! whoſe land-lock'd ſea before me lies,
" Gemm'd with green iſles and tow'rs that proudly riſe,—
" Where letters, ſciences, and arts, reſide—
" The ſons of Genius ſend to ſwell my pride!
" On you tall pillar whoſe aërial brow
" O'erlooks far Lybia's ſands that float below;
" Whoſe creſt gigantic guards the ſculptur'd ſtone
" Wreck of paſt glory, and a chief unknown;
" My ſtatue raiſe, and wreathe around the pile
" The ſculptur'd victories of the MAN of NILE."—
How art thou fallen!—Behold, an exile band
Urg'd by fell rapine o'er a plunder'd hand!
Hark! Earth re-echoes the exulting cry,
" Show us the Chiefs that ſwept in triumph by!
" Who bad their barbarous hordes the Eaſt ſubdue,
" Mahmud, and Timur's trace of blood purſue:
" Ruſh o'er the bounds that witneſs'd AMMON's tear
" When chain'd ambition broke his giant ſpear,

" From Aſia's throne dath Britain's ſcepter'd pride,
" And waſte a world beyond far Gange's tide!--

How art thou fall'n! gaunt Famine, day by day,
Has trac'd from corſe to corſe thy deſperate way;
Strewn o'er the waſte th'expiring Warriors lye,
Far Gallia floats before their cloſing eye,
While hov'ring Vultures on a diſtant ſhore,
Shriek to their cry, and plunge their beaks in gore.

The Arab war-horſe has thy ſtrength ſubdu'd,
And waded fetlock-deep in Gallic blood;
Preſs'd on thy ſteel, regardleſs of the wound,
Swept with red mane thy chiefs that bit the ground,
And, wildly neighing to the brazen roar,
Arch'd his proud Creſt thy flaming Phalanx o'er!

Where reſts the chief, whoſe arm the battle led,
While Kings and all their hoſts like ſhadows fled?
Who up the rampir'd height undaunted flew,
And o' er the crags his Iron thunder drew,
Where nature, thron'd amid eternal ſnows,
Bad Alps on Alps the mountain barrier cloſe!
Where reſts the Chief, who weigh'd the fate of Rome,
And ſign'd on Formio's field pale Auſtria's doom?--

Hark, the loud voice of rumour loads the gale,
And Europe ſpreads from realm to realm the tale!
He reſts in death, the dream of Glory o'er,
He reſts untimely on a barbarous ſhore!—
Not in the front of War, mid Armies ſlain,
Fell the bold Conqueror, bleeding on the plain,
While Glory wav'd her banner o'er his head,
" And ſooth'd the hero, as his ſpirit fled:
" Lo! there he lies, by treach'ry girt around;
The grim Aſſaſſin ſternly eyes the wound,
Taunts the Invader, as he groans in Death,
And loads with Egypt's curſe his parting breath.

Gaul! in whoſe ſoul, through ev'ry thirſty vein,
Swells the "fierce ſpirit of the firſt born Cain;"
Whoſe banner, flaming from th' infernal loom,
In vengeance waves o'er Nature's crouded tomb,—
Where'er thy hoſt, beneath its pomp unfurl'd,
O'erſhadow'd, as they paſs'd, th' unpeopled world;
Stern Foe! when Albion bad the battle ceaſe,
And, arm'd for victory, woo'd returning peace,
Thy rage let ſlip th' exterminating brood,
The dogs of War, that lap the ſtream of blood,

Famine, that graſps in Death th'unfurrow'd clod,
And peſtilence, that ſcents where ſlaughter trod!--

Ah! had thy ſoul to ſoothing peace inclin'd,
A narrower compaſs had thy crimes confin'd:
Now arming Vengeance flames th'Atlantic o'er,
And taunting inſult ſhakes thy threaten'd ſhore:--
"The Idols of thy worſhip, France, behold:--
"The ſceptred Regicides, that ſtab for gold!"

Though howling Furies urge thee on to war,
And rage and mad ambition yoke thy car;
Yet, holier held--ador'd above the reſt,
Baſe *Mammon* builds his altar in thy breaſt.

Where Marble temples wav'd their vanes on high,
Or the low Fane retiring fled the eye;--
Saints, round whoſe brow, the ſilver Glory roll'd,--
The God that o'er his Altar flam'd in gold,--
The cup by conſecrated myſt'ries bleſt,--
Croſs, Croſier, Cope, and rich-embroider'd veſt,--
Each votive gift, that pain and ſorrow gave,
And the gilt trophy o'er the Warrior's grave,--
Theſe, price of blood, th'apoſtate ſpoiler bore,
And ſternly graſp'd the ſacrilegious ore!

Ah! from that hour, when, in th' Abyſs below,
Exulting fiends awhile forgot their wo—
When, on the plunder'd ſhrine thy ſenate trod,
Hail'd the Blaſphemer that deny'd a God—
Bad Death triumphant ſeal th' eternal doom,
And cloſe the gates of Mercy on the tomb;
Hell has enlarg'd thy bounds, to ſwell thy ſhame
With crimes unknown, and deeds without a name.

Oh, thou! that, by the Loire's forſaken ſide,
Day after day, each flow-returning tide;
While interdicted billows, foul with gore,
Heav'd back the dead upon their native ſhore,
Mid hov'ring birds that dim'd the noontide beam,
And dogs that ſnuff'd afar the tainted ſtream;
Didſt ſwell again the hoarſe-reſounding flood
With martyr'd hoſts that ſeal'd their faith in blood;
Death's feſtering limbs to life and beauty chain,
Then hurl them to the monſters of the Main.—
Thou!—that, when Hell's flow hand, with murder tir'd,
On Lyon's crowded maſs the cannon fir'd;
Badſt, one by one, the mute ſurvivors ſweep
In mock-proceſſion by th'unburied heap;

And, with uplifted dagger, ſtill as death,
Stoodſt o'er them liſtning to each whiſper'd breath;--
Inſatiate Demon! o'er the ruins bend,
Where cruſh'd Helvetia's groans to heav'n aſcend.
Wo to the land--where Freedom did reſide,
Unnerv'd by luxury, unyok'd by pride!
Lo! in the duſt Morat's demoliſh'd fane
Where Freedom pil'd the bones of tyrants ſlain,--
Lo! o'er the ſhrine flows Uri's mournful wave
Which Freedom rear'd o'er Tell's diſtinguiſh'd grave--
In ſecret glens where peace alone was found,
Where never ſwain had ſcal'd his rocky bound,
Where daily toil ſupply'd each calm deſire,
Nor ſtray'd a wiſh beyond the evening fire:--
On the green mountain and the thymy rock
Where pip'd the ſhepherd to his ſummer flock;
Up ſhelving banks, whoſe ſummit bleak and bare
Lowr'd on the vent'rous plough that hung in air;
Where man, that view'd one ſpot on earth his own,
Forc'd the ſlow produce from th' unwilling ſtone,
In happier ſeaſons hous'd the number'd grain,
And look'd unenvying o'er the golden plain;--

There ruſh'd, ſtern fiend of France, thy ruthleſs hord!
And hill, and dale, and mountain, curs'd thy ſword.
Did none reſiſt!---before the invading hoſt
None fall in arms upon his native coaſt?
A race went forth---the woman mock'd at fear,
Fought mid the ranks, and fell the warrior near---
A race went forth---the grandſire, father, ſon,
March'd ſide by ſide, and deem'd the battle won;---
March'd where their fires of old had proudly bled,
And claſh'd their iron ſheilds as Auſtria fled!---
Ah, hapleſs race! in vain each boſom glow'd,
And life, thro' all, one kindred current flow'd!
Gaul! by thy fraud ſubdu'd, the patriot band
Dy'd with fraternal blood each murderous hand:
While thou aloof, upon the mountain height
Towerd'ſt like a vulture hanging o'er the fight;
And, when the ſlaughter ceas'd upon the plain,
Did'ſt ruſh in triumph down, and ſpoil the ſlain.
Thus roſe thy pow'r!---fell diſcord led the way,
Precedes the conqueſt, and prepares thy ſway---
Lo! there, rebellion claim'd thy proffer'd aid---
Corruption here th' entruſted realm betray'd!

Terror, ere yet th' invited plunderer came,
On tributary treaties ſtamp'd her ſhame;
Or treachery min'd unſeen, or atheiſt pride
Stalk'd in the mid-day glare, and God defy'd.
Yet, tho' awhile thou raiſe thy brow ſublime,
And ſtretch thy ſceptre forth from clime to clime,
Spread thy wide arch of empire, from the main
To diſtant Tyber's deſolated plain;
Vengeance ere'while ſhall lift her iron mace,
And daſh thy prone Coloſſus from its baſe;
And nations, bruis'd beneath th' oppreſſor's rod,
View juſtice thund'ring from the throne of God!

Albion! on thee they call: earth groans around!
Queen of the iſles! thou tower'ſt with victory crown'd.
Thou, like a Pharos, on thy rocky height
Shin'ſt with new luſtre 'mid the ſtorms of night:
Fierce and more fierce, rolls on th' o'erwhelming wave,
Stretch forth thy hand the ſhatter'd world to ſave;
The wreck of empires reals before the wind;
Go forth, the guardian angel of mankind!

Albion! while ſtream thy banners o'er the deep,
And Gaul's wreck'd fleets beneath the baſtion ſleep,

Where during BRIDPORT with defiance vain
Strikes on her forts the trident of the main:
While commerce loosing to each wind thy sail,
With wealth of either India loads the gale:---
Say, wilt thou sue for peace, and send once more
The slighted olive branch that victory bore?
Loud rings the isle---" Lo, Gaul! yon countless host
" Of captur'd fleets that belt the British coast---
" These, Belgium launch'd---there towr's Iberia's pride,
" And these, thy glory once, the world defy'd!---
" Look o'er the realm---how awful on the sight
" Gleams an arm'd nation, marshall'd for the fight.
" Here yet 'to arms' the gothic genius calls,
" And waves her banner o'er yon castle walls.
" The race of Barons bold yon legions lead,
" The flow'r of Britain to the tented mead.
" Go thou, from gloomy woods, and lonely caves,
" To distant slaughter drag reluctant slaves.
" Here Themis arms her voluntary train,
" Here commerce leagues for war the sons of gain.
" Peace mid thy haunts! where Cam and Isis glide,
" Youth plumes his brow with military pride!---

" Why quits the yeoman life's domeſtic charms
" To ruſh unbidden mid the claſh of arms?
" Why yon unwearied ſwains, at cloſe of day,
" Unyoke the ſteed, and join the war array;
" Or, rous'd from ſleep, 'ere labour eyes the morn,
" Prevent the ſummons of the bugle horn?
" Why all, when Gallia pour'd th' invading hoſt,
" Sought willing wounds on Erin's reſcu'd coaſt?
" Stern foe! we heard th'exterminating word:
" Go, flame relentleſs!---Go, imatiate ſword!
" I, on yon Iſle, in battle's fiery car
" Will launch the thunder of conſuming war.
" Waſte be the realm, like Tyre that reign'd of yore!
" There never ſhip ſhall anchor on the ſhore,---
" There never more, with ſolitary tread,
" On the bare rock, his net the fiſher ſpread:---
" One groan of death ſhall riſe, and none reply:
" On one lone column reſt the ſtranger eye,
" Where vengeance graves upon the trophy'd pile,
" *This victor Gallia rear'd on Albion's iſle!*"
" We heard the vow, exterminating Gaul!
" And roſe at liberty's parental call---

" Throne, city, hut---one will, one voice, one ſoul,
" Rung round the iſle, and arm'd th'united whole!"
France! we will guard our freedom, God our guide,
Long as our rocks repel th' invading tide---
None ſhall their banners o'er the ſhrine ſuſpend,
While grateful natipns round the altar bend,
Till deep repentance bow thy chaſten'd mind,
And kindred feelings claſs thee with mankind,
Meanwhile, O Albion! of thy foe beware:
Truſt not their oath, till heav'n accepts their pray'r---
Have we not ſeen their harlot Goddeſs crown'd,
While frantic elders howl'd the ſhrine around?
Seen their pledg'd hand, to ſtill their rav'nous hoſt,
Unbar th' aſſociate town, and ranſom'd coaſt?
On fear's bow'd neck, their yoke of freedom chain,
Force ſtates, ſelf-rul'd, beneath a tyrant reign;
And caſt proud Venice, that eſpous'd the wave,
At Auſtria's feet, a tributary ſlave---
Albion! if freedom here has fix'd her ſeat---
If exil'd virtue found a laſt retreat:---
If an arm'd nation, guardian of the throne,
Has in her monarch's cauſe maintain'd her own:

If law and liberty, with pow'rs combin'd,
Enlarg'd each virtue, and each vice confin'd;
If pity view'd her altars rise around,
Where want, and wo, and pain, have refuge found;
Where cradled age in peace his eyelid clos'd,
And life's laſt bleſſing on his lip repos'd;
If ſigh thy hamlets to the paſſing knell,
Or ſmiling peaſants bleſs the ſabbath bell;
If Heav'n's pure light diſpel the funeral gloom,
And point a place of reſt beyond the tomb;
Where faith, with trembling hope, to God reſign'd,
Hails in her judge the Saviour of Mankind!

By theſe, oh Albion! while diaſtrous fate,
And mad diſſention ſhake each neighb'ring ſtate;
Firm in thyſelf, on Heav'ns right arm rely,
And fearleſs fix thy anchor'd hope on high!

# NOTES.

" Stretch'd in proud pomp, the Gallic Navy lay."

" Nous sommes mouillés de manière, à tenir tête à une flotte double à la notre."

*Lettre de Villeneuve*—Intercepted Letters, No. II.

——" And in triumphant state
" Gaz'd on his fleet."

" Je pense que ne se trouvant pas en nombre supérieur, qu'ils [les Anglais] n'auront pas jugé à-propos de se mesurer avec nous."

*Lettre de l'Amiral Brueys*—Intercepted Letters, No. IV.

——" All, all is ours!"

" Vous voyez que nous marchons à la conquête de l'Ægypte à pas de géant." *Ibid.*

" Fate ſpread the banquet"

The general tenor of this paſſage was ſuggeſted by the ſupernatural horrors, which prefigured to the mind of the prophet Theoclymenus the death of the ſuitors, who, unconſcious of their doom, were revelling at their laſt banquet.——See that ſublime deſcription, *Odyſſey*, book xx. line 345.

" A wild confuſion of uncertain ſound" &c.

" Non v' è ſilentio, e non v' è grido eſpreſſo;
" Ma odi un non sò che roco e indiſtinto,
" Fremiti di furor, mormori d'ira,
" Gemiti di chi langue, e di chi ſpira." TASSO.

" And the ſlow wave that heav'd the dead on ſhore."

——Cruentis
Fluctibus, ac tardâ per denſa cadavera prorâ,
*Juv. Sat.* x. 186.

" Raiſe, Berenice! thy forgotten wall,
" Till Coptos' riſing tow'rs," &c.

" Ptolemy Philadelphus built a city on the weſt coaſt of the Red Sea, to which he gave the name of Berenice; From Berenice

the goods were conveyed by land to Coptos, a city three miles diſtant from the Nile, but communicating with that river by a navigable canal. The diſtance between Berenice and Coptos, was 258 Roman miles, and the road lay through the deſart of Thebais, almoſt entirely deſtitute of water; but the attention of a powerful monarch made proviſion for ſupplying this want, by ſearching for ſprings, and, wherever theſe were found, he built inns, or more probably caravanſeras. In this channel, the intercourſe between the Eaſt and Weſt continued to be carried on during two hundred and fifty years."

*Robertſon's Diſquiſition on Ancient India.*

"To far Arſinoe wed Peluſium's ſhore."

"Ptolemy Philadelphus formed a canal, a hundred cubits in breadth and thirty cubits in depth, between Arſinoe on the Red Sea, near the modern Suez, and the Peluſiac or eaſtern branch of the Nile, in order to convey by water the productions of India to Alexandria."

*Robertſon's Diſ. Anc. Ind.*

"Wreck of paſt glory, and a chief unknown."

The beautiful granite column, commonly called Pompey's Pillar, appears with greater probability, by later diſcoveries, to have been erected to the honor of Alexander Severus.

——"The bounds that witneſsld Ammon's tear,
"Where chain'd ambition broke his giant ſpear."

Alexander, (on the refuſal of his army to proceed) erected altars, to mark the bounds of his conqueſts in Aſia, probably between Aurungabad, and the conflux of the Beyah and Setlege, at Firoſepour. See the admirable *Memoirs of a Map of Hindooſtan*, p. 94. by Major Rennell.

"From Aſia's throne daſh Britain's ſcepter'd pride."

"Il eſt indubitable qu'après nous être emparés et organisés dans ce pays, nous pouvons jetter nos vues plus loin, et par la ſuite détruire le commerce Anglais dans les Indes, l'utiliſer à notre profit, nous rendre les ſouverains du commerce même de l'Afrique et l'Aſie."

*Boyer, Int. Lett. No. XXII.*

"When Nature, thron'd amid eternal ſnows,
"Bad Alps on Alps the mountain barrier cloſe."

Oppoſuit natura Alpemque nivemque. *Juv. Sat. x.* 152.

"Bad death triumphant ſeal th' eternal doom."

November 19, 1793. the Convention decreed that the following inſcription ſhould be placed over the public cemeteries,—"Death is an "eternal ſleep."

" Lo! in the duſt, Morat's demoliſh'd fane,
" Where Freedom pil'd the bones of tyrants ſlain."

Near Morat is a chapel erected over the bones of the Burgundians, who periſhed in the ſiege of that town, in a battle with the Swiſs, in in the year 1476.

" Lo! o'er the ſhrine flows Uri's mournful wave,
" Which Freedom rais'd on TELL's diſtinguiſh'd grave."

The chapel, erected in honour of William Tell, is built upon a rock that projects into the lake of Uri, under a hanging wood. It is built upon the very ſpot, where (it is ſaid) he leaped from the boat in which he was conveying as a priſoner to Kuſſnacht.

*Coxe's Travels into Switzerland.*

" Gaul, by thy fraud ſubdu'd, the patriot band
" Dy'd with fraternal blood each murderous hand."

See *Mallet du Pan's* account of the invaſion of Switzerland by the French.

THE END.

[In page 3, line 14, read *countleſs* HOST, inſtead of 'countleſs coaſt."]

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